

Missiskoui



Standard.

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Let Justice preside and Candour investigate.

J. M. FERRES, EDITOR.

VOL. 2.

POETRY.

TO E—S—

Yes, I will school this vagrant heart
Till every fond pulsation cease;
Bid it believe 'twere best to part
And be at peace.

Yes, yes, its struggles shall be o'er,
Each feverish throb shall be at rest,
And thou shall be beloved no more,
Dearest and best.

Ask thine own heart if e'er again
Its inmost feelings could be mine?
It answers no; too long they've lain
On oblivion's shrine.

'Twere better that we ne'er should meet
Than with a cold averted eye,
And hearts that never more can beat
In sympathy.

I can not meet thy altered gaze,
And class thee with the loved of youth,
The cherished one of other days,
And deem it truth.

And I have taught my lips to wear
A bright a smile when thou art near,
As if my bosom knew no care,
My eye no tear.

But when alone, dark thoughts as now,
Will strong around my weary breast,
And clouds will gather on my brow
And banish rest.

Oct. 18. N.

From the Saturday Courier.

A STORY OF AMERICAN LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

All men are dreamers: from the hour
When reason first asserts its power,
Unmindful of its bitter sting,
To some deceiving hope we cling—
That hope's a dream!

Yes, with all who gaze, confess
That thou art full of loveliness,
With all who for a moment view,
Thy dazzling eyes' unclouded blue.

And so, Beauchamp, you are the favored
lover of this unrivalled Miss Mansfield,
at least so dame report tells me.

You know, has long sustained the
character of a notorious liar.

But in this instance, I fancy, has blun-
dered into the truth.

No, Sumner, she has not; I am not
the favored lover of Miss Mansfield; nor
indeed do I love her at all—though I con-
fess, had I met her in some humble cottage,
uncouth, unflattered, unknown, amid the
obscenity of deep poverty, with her rich
talents, her cultivated mind, her devotion
to every thing noble and generous, I should
have loved her with all my heart's devo-
tion.

So you really like her the worse, for
possessing, in addition to all these attractions,
half a million of money.

Miss Mansfield would scorn to think
of me as a suitor—but could I even woo,
and win the prize, I would not. Were I
even of her own rank,

I would worship as soon a familiar star,
That is bright to every eye.

And yet I acknowledge she is a glori-
ous creature; every thing a man ought to
love.

And with this glorious creature you
spend every hour of leisure in company,
scarcely know whether any body else is
present, acknowledge she is all a man ought
to love, and yet do not love her—rather an
incomprehensible fellow.

Yes, perhaps so, but incomprehensible
or not, the girl of my choice, whatever may
be her other qualifications, must, at any
rate, be poor and unknown; like Gray's
flower.

Born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Well, Beauchamp, a fine sentiment
truly. But actually you are the wildest,
most unreasonable, irrational fellow—

Not so unreasonable as at first glance
it seems. I am ambitious—ambitious of
fame...glory! and I should blush to owe
my respectability in life to the fortune and
rank of my wife. You will think this idle,
my dear friend; to another than you I
should not speak thus asperingly; but, un-
aided and alone, I will carve out my way
to distinction, through poverty, obscurity,
and neglect.

I wish you success, my dear fellow.
I too have had dreams, but they are
over.

The preceding dialogue occurred between
two young law students, while walking,
one starry evening, along the principal
street of a somewhat noted village, near the
centre of Massachusetts.

Beauchamp, while yet a mere boy, had
been left an orphan, poor and friendless,
with an only and cherished sister; a delicate,
timid, and affectionate little girl. He
had thus far struggled manfully, nobly, on
his way to distinction. He had trod the

roughest path of literature; had acquired,
unaided by any thing but his own surpassing
talents, a thorough and classical education;
and was pursuing, with unequalled application,
the dry study of the law.

The village where he resided, had
been accused, and perhaps with justice, of
aristocratical manners, but our young hero's
prepossessing appearance procured
him at once an introduction to its best
society, and made him a favorite in its most
exclusive circles of refinement. In those
circles, he became acquainted with the
young lady referred to in the conversation
between the two students. Julia Mansfield
ought not, perhaps, to be called the belle
of the village; the word, in its common
acceptation, would be derogatory to her
character—but she was decidedly the most
beautiful, the most talked of, the most ad-
mired, and envied, of its fair young girls.
She was brilliant, attractive—in the fashion-
able assembly, no one could gaze at her,
and not admire; but not there did she ap-
pear to the best advantage. At the bed
side of the sick and suffering poor, she was
indeed a ministering angel. And who
could behold her bending over their lowly
couch, with clustering ringlets, expressive
eyes, and deeply flushed cheeks, and not
love her? The tired and hungry beggar
received food from her hand, and prayed
God to bless her. The wearied and bro-
ken hearted wretch listened to her whis-
pered consolations, and smiled. Her class
in the Sabbath school met her always with
a pleased and happy look. The orphan's
grateful look, the widow's hallowed prayer,
were hers. Fond, passionately fond, of
literary pursuits, and devoted to all endear-
ments of domestic life, her own home was
heaven to her, and she mixed but little in
general society. But when she did attend
the fashionable balls and parties of the
day, her appearance was always like the
rising of some great luminary, before which
a whole host of lesser lights vanish. Fair
reader, we have so far described a creature
all perfection. There is still room for
faults in the filling up of the character,
and Julia was, indeed, a mere mortal beauty
with many of the passions, faults, varieties,
and foibles of common mortals. But such as
she was,—she was just the creature formed
to captivate the coldest heart. Yet she had
not many suitors, for there was something
in her manners, a mixture of scorn, irony,
and indifference, that told the fops, the
exquisites, the would-be great men of the
day, how much she despised them. The
society and conversation of men of talents
she was fond of, and could listen with com-
placency even to their trifling. Yet in her
conduct towards such men, there was a
spice of—of—something—which, be-
cause no better name occurs, must be cal-
led coquetry—how I hate that word. In-
dulgent reader, do not suppose Miss Mans-
field was that most heartless of all heartless
things, a designing coquette. No, she
possessed heart...a heart full of gushing,
and warm, and pure affections.

And does this divine creature really love
me, thought Beauchamp, as he was return-
ing home one evening, after a long, delightful
interview with Julia, (their intercourse
had continued for more than a year, had
ripened into intimacy.) She who has rejected
the proudest of our land, will she be
mine? It is evident she prefers my society
to any other....she pours into my bosom
her deepest thoughts, her wildest dreams,
while the deeply suffused cheek tells any
thing but indifference. Yes, she loves me—
her undisguised and frank nature pro-
claims it, in every word, and look, and ac-
tion. But why does this conviction come
like a pang across my bosom? Do I not
love her in return? Yes, heaven knows
how deeply, fervently, I love, I idolize her.
But something whispers this love will be
a curse. It was not my young dream, to
be sure, to marry a celebrated beauty, an
heiress, a being worshipped by all the world.
No, some beautiful girl, whose rich talents
and exalted virtues, had been always
hidden by poverty and obscurity, was the
ideal mistress of my young and wild im-
agination. But that foolish dream has been
long past. For months, it has been my
object to win the heart of Julia Mansfield.
And that pure young priceless heart is
mine—almost without a doubt. And am I
not supremely happy? Yes...begone evil
genius, I am, I will be so, in spite of all
thy whisperings. But her parents, will
they consent to our union? Her sensible,
prudent father—her proud, inconsistent
mother? Why should I doubt it? Judge
Mansfield has ever acted towards me as a
warm and steady friend; he speaks con-
temptuously of that superiority which is
founded on riches; and I have heard him
declare, that in the all important affair of
choosing a partner for life, his daughter
should not be crossed! Her mother...she
is an inexplicable character! but then I
have always been her favorite. They have
both seen, without discouraging, our inter-

course. They must have seen, for neither
of them lack penetration, our growing affec-
tion. Yet she is allowed to sit alone with
me for hours—she rides with me, and hour
after hour we wander together through
the most delightful scenery. Pray, Pray
Mr. Beauchamp, forgive me, for thus ex-
posing your private thoughts. The thoughts
of any romantic lover, however talented,
when reduced to words, and, especially,
when read aloud, will appear very, very
foolish.

All Beauchamp's apprehension, or pre-
monition, (is there no word that will ex-
press my meaning, I can think of none,) but
the 'something' which whispered 'this
love will be a curse,' had vanished, and
was entirely forgotten the next day, as the
lovers sat together in one of their fa-
vourite and romantic haunts. Their seat
was formed by what had been a monarch
of the forest; but now uprooted by some
tornado, and stripped by ruthless time of
all its branches, it lay like other fallen
majesties, a proud wreck of its former great-
ness. Between them, and the house from
which they had wandered, hand in hand,
lay, stretched out in true New England
glory, an extensive orchard, or rather for-
est, as it seemed, of fruit trees, dressed in
unrivalled bloom. The beautiful white
mansion was entirely hidden from view,
but the top of the willow grove in front of it,
was seen waving, arrayed in spring's first
tender green. A little brook was dancing
in the Sabbath school met her always with
a pleased and happy look. The orphan's
grateful look, the widow's hallowed prayer,
were hers. Fond, passionately fond, of
literary pursuits, and devoted to all endear-
ments of domestic life, her own home was
heaven to her, and she mixed but little in
general society. But when she did attend
the fashionable balls and parties of the
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a whole host of lesser lights vanish. Fair
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things, a designing coquette. No, she
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and warm, and pure affections.

CHAPTER II.

The lover hangs on some bright eye,
And dreams of bliss in every sigh;
But brighter eyes are deep in guile—
And he who trusts their fickle smile,
Trusts in a dream.

I've sighed that charms like thine should be
Possessed by one so false as thee.

An unusually happy group were assem-
bled one evening around a cheerful fire,
in the elegantly furnished parlour of Judge
Mansfield. It consisted of himself and wife,
their two eldest sons, just returned from a
tour through most of the countries of Eu-
rope, Julia, her younger sister Margaret,
and a rosy cheeked boy of twelve. James
Beauchamp too was there. The conver-
sation was lively and very interesting; but
the favored lover, though unusually anima-
ted, was rather absent minded. You will
forgive him, gentle reader, for only that
afternoon had Julia's parents, for the first
time expressed their entire approbation of
his union with their peerless, daughter,
and the happy day to consummate his bliss,
though not definitely fixed, it was agreed
should be sometime the ensuing spring.
A deeper blush than usual was still bath-
ing the expressive features of Julia, who,
amidst the general vivacity and interest of
the scene, sat silent, her eyes fixed intent-
ly on a book; how her thoughts were
employed, we leave the reader to imagine.
Beauchamp held a literary paper in his
hand, but only looked at it occasionally.
He conversed with the young Mansfields
about the governments of Europe; but
Margaret, a fair haired girl who sat by his
side, with an expression of rillery on her
bright face, could not once or twice sup-
press an audible laugh, at his blunders,
blushes and apologies.

Time passed rapidly on; the conver-
sation grew more and more animated and in-
teresting; but Julia still obstinately adhered
to her book. A visitor was announced
and Judge Mansfield introduced the Hon.
Mr. Durand, whose acquaintance he had
made, the preceding winter, at Washington.
Durant's personal appearance was striking

and prepossessing; his conversation rich
with knowledge, talent, and taste, was all
that could interest and captivate. Julia's
book was thrown aside, and she listened to
her father's friend, whose eloquence in de-
bate she had often heard spoken of, (she
was a devout worshipper at the shrine of
eloquence) with an apparently absorbing
attention; while the expressive glances he
directed towards her showed he was not
indifferent to beauty. James felt himself
thrown at once into the back ground. He
was unusually, painfully, and consciously
embarrassed, in the presence of the haughty
southerner, and he at last became en-
tirely and gloomily silent, while his con-
versation seemed not at all missed by the
happy and loquacious party. During the
evening, Durand received and accepted an
invitation to spend several weeks in the
family of Mansfield. At this, James could
hardly repress a frown. Did he doubt
Julia's constancy? Even to his own heart
he would not have acknowledged it. But
then he was perfectly conscious that the
proud young stranger possessed infinitely
the advantage of him, in person and man-
ners, in eloquence, rank, riches, and popu-
larity; and he could not bear to be out-
shone in the presence of his mistress. With
the wild enthusiasm of a lover, he imagined
no one could behold her without adoration.
Durand was not unknown, by reputation,
to any of the present party; for he was not
only a statesman and an orator but a poet.
Of his poetry, Julia Mansfield had always
been a most immoderate admirer. No
wonder then, that in the present juncture
of affairs, her lover felt rather uncomfor-
table.

Mr. W—

CHAPTER III.

"Tis over! I have flung thee off,
With careless heart and bitter scoff—
Thou! who didst dare—fool that thou wert,
To trifle with a bursting heart."

Nearly three months have passed after
the date of our last chapter. Beauchamp
still continued his visits at Mansfield's,
though they were no longer the blissful
meetings they had been. Julia, upon one
pretence or another, had insisted upon
deferring their marriage, and she no longer
treated him with that uniform respect she
used to do; indeed he thought she had
often wantonly trifled with his feelings.
Often, when he called, she was engaged on
some excursion of pleasure with Durand
and her brothers. Once they had gone to
Boston; another time they had ridden out
with the intention of ascending Wachusett.
He was never asked to be of their party.
Still Julia would occasionally express un-
diminished regard for him in looks and
actions, if not in words; and he would not
believe her false.

He called one Sunday evening to walk
with her. "Oh, she has walked out with
your rival," said the laughing Margaret, in
reply to his inquiries for Julia.

And who do you call my rival, Margar-
et?—pray be definite.

"You know as well as I do...the all-
conquering Mr. Durand, to be sure,—or-
ator, statesman, and poet. Do you know,
James, that Julia often wishes you could
write poetry? Now, if you would try, I
am sure you could write better poetry than
this overbearing southerner."

"I shall not try, Margaret," he said, with
a bitter smile, and immediately left the house.

He wandered along through the orchard
towards the little valley already mentioned,
till arrested by the sound of Julia's voice,
singing with its most enchanting softness
one of his favorite songs, one she had a
thousand times sung to him. He saw her
sitting on the very spot where one year
before they had, for the first time, exchanged
loving vows of love and truth. Durand was
by her side—her hand was pressed to his
lips. With a maddened soul Beauchamp
turned abruptly away.

The same evening he met Julia. She
smiled, and seemed in unusual spirits; but a
few unpleasant remarks from him soon al-
tered her capricious gaiety.

They sat together by the window of a
little back parlour, their favourite room
—Beauchamp and his affianced bride.
There had been a long, long, painful silence.
A cloud was on Beauchamp's brow, and
Julia's face was fitfully shaded by contend-
ing emotions. The lovely scenery that lay
in delicious and calm beauty before them,
was not quite unheeded, nor was it the
engrossing subject of their thoughts. The
tall willows, beneath whose drooping branch-
es had been their once accustomed seat—the
luxuriant and full-blooming rose-bush,
which they together had taught to shade
the window, and from which a sweet per-
fume was now stealing through the room
—in the distance, Wachusett rearing its
blue summit to the azure sky—all these,
and many other familiar objects, recalled
memories not in unison with their present
feeling.

Beauchamp had plucked a full-blooming
rose, and sat unconsciously scattering its
beautiful leaves upon the floor.

"What has that poor rose done," said
Julia, trying to laugh, "that you thus wan-
tonly destroy it?"

He looked up for an instant, with a voluminous expression in his dark, brilliant eyes, which made Julia bend her gaze again upon the floor, dispelled her borrowed smile, and blanched her cheek; but he replied not in words.

Durand, at this time, was in his own chamber, writing the following letter:

'WELL, W.—three months have passed since the date of my last letter, and I am still at Mansfield's. I have not been here the whole time, however, but have made excursions into all parts of New England. In some of these, I have been accompanied by Julia. Her brothers and sisters, I ought in justice to say, were with her; but these are mere cyphers in my estimation. It was during one of these delightful excursions that I first dared to breathe to Julia love's impassioned language.

'We stood on the green borders of James' river—the bright young leaves of spring were dancing in the moonshine—the soft air was delicious with the fragrance of surrounding orchards: a gentle breeze was showering around us the fallen blossoms of the apple. Her hand was in mine; the party had strayed to some distance; we were silent—all was silent around, except the whippoorwill, and the gentle murmuring stream, I pressed her hand to my heart, and—but you can guess what I said. I was never more eloquent. But then she withdrew her hand, which actually vibrated with agitation, and said she must not listen to such language—she was engaged to James Beauchamp. A damper—but I was not discouraged. I pleaded my own cause more earnestly than lawyer ever pleaded for his client; and she did listen, though she had said she must not. But it was not till a few days ago, when we were again left together on the top of Wachusett, that she told me, with all the fond, confiding frankness of her nature, that she loved me—that her love for Beauchamp had never been more than a dream. Ecstatic, divine moment! It was not moonlight: the bright rays of a glorious sun showed to advantage the deepening red of her velvet cheek, and allowed me to drink the rich expression of these unrivalled eyes. If Beauchamp could then have seen and heard us, I would not have answered for the consequences. He is a spirited and fiery youth, though raised beneath the cold skies of New England.

'Julia has promised to explain her sentiments to Beauchamp. They are now together. I am growing impatient; but it is their last *tele-a-tete*, and its immediate length must be submitted to.....

'Beauchamp has just left the house; there is an awful cloud upon his brow. I hasten to the angel girl; so good-bye.

EGERT DURAND.

'Mr. W.—'

We return, gentle reader, to the elegant little apartment where we left our exemplary lovers absorbed in silent, but not very pleasant reflection.

'This trifling—this finished coquetry,' said Beauchamp, at last, 'is no longer to be submitted to. Your conduct towards this Durand, this proud slave-holder, has been, you are aware, very inconsistent with your engagements to me. I have a right to resent it. But, Julia, I still love you—love you deeply...though I could despise my own weakness. Yet I am no willing slave to a blind and hopeless passion. If you will be my wife.....'

He paused; and Julia exclaimed in a trembling voice.....

'This is a painful subject, James; I would end it at once. I can never be your wife. I know my hand is pledged.....I know all the foolish things I have said; but, James, you will not, cannot receive this hand, though offered, when I tell you my heart is another's!'

'It is enough! I understand you—enjoy your triumph. But remember, the heart and hand of a coquette are alike valueless to me!' And with a cold good night, a haughty step, and a burning cheek, he left the house.

There was indeed a cloud on his brow, and a long enduring blight on his deep affections. He loitered to his boarding-house, entered his chamber, locked the door, threw open the window, sat down, and, leaning his head upon his hand, remained thus motionless for hours. We need not trace the current of his thoughts, but they were sufficiently bitter.

The air of midnight had cooled the fever of his brain, ere he penned a letter to his sister, a loved and lovely girl, who was now training her soul to patience in the arduous employment of teaching a public school.

BEAUCHAMP TO HIS SISTER.

DEAR LUCY—I thank you much for a long, kind, and interesting letter. A long time has elapsed since I received it. I have no good excuse to plead in extenuation of this neglect, and can only ask you to forgive me. I have indeed lately been a negligent correspondent, but I will not be so in future. I am now fully alive to your tenderness; I fully realize the value of that priceless gem, a sister's love. I have just been reading over your letter; and, deadened as the feelings of youth are, by intercourse with a heartless world, I have wept long and violently over the memories it recalled. The allusions you make to the home of our childhood, our first, and indeed our only home, have touched a chord in my bosom which will never cease to vibrate. Do you remember, Lucy, how we used to sit on the steps of our cottage-door, and watch the clouds pass over the moon? How vivid the scene is in my recollection? The old elm tree before us, with its bended branches—to the left that green mead-

ow, where we used to gather wild strawberries, and the blue stream, with its capacious wanderings....how lovely it looked by moonlight—and a thousand other familiar objects; I need not describe them—and our parents seated within the cottage.

* * * Lucy, we are orphans now! Oh how does this cold truth strike home upon the heart!—There is no paternal home for us to visit. How often, in the course of the last ten years, when I have heard my companions, my fellow-students, talk of 'going home.' Home!—Oh what a world of delightful associations is comprised in that one word! and they are lost to us!

'Well, we will not despair, though we do know something of the vicissitudes of life, the humiliations of poverty, the coldness, the injustice of mankind; though we feel in it the bitterness of the orphan's lonely doom. We have blessings, many blessings—youth, health, unsullied reputation, and sincere affection for each other; and with these materials for happiness, it is foolish to repine.

'I am still pursuing my studies. They have, of late, met with some interruption, but I shall now return to them with redoubled ardor. I will yet, Lucy, stand among the proudest of our land. I will occupy a station to which those, who now look down with scorn on me, shall not dare to aspire.

'One part of your letter I have not yet noticed; under existing circumstances, I ought, perhaps, to do so. You asked me to present your love to Miss Mansfield; this I have complied with. You say that you anticipate the pleasure of soon calling her sister Julia. I am candid when I tell you, she will never be my wife. I have had a dream of life—but am now awake, and laughing at my folly. I did love indeed a creature of my own imagination, and I fancied Julia Mansfield was that being; but she has proved herself unworthy a man of spirit, and I shall forget that she was ever more to me than a common acquaintance. Yet I would not do the young lady injustice. Do not imagine she has been guilty of any heinous crime; she has only jilted me...but I hate a coquette.

You may have all that fund of affection which was hers, it will not doubt your former share though. Fame is now my mistress, and I shall woo her with no divided attention.

'Write me, dear sister, often, familiarly, and confidentially. In whom can you place confidence, if not in your only brother? You can hardly think how trembly anxious I am for your welfare. Believe me, your sincerely affectionate brother,

JAMES BEAUCHAMP.

(To be continued)

From the Toronto Patriot, October 14.

ON THE UNION OF THE PROVINCES.

This has become a favorite notion among the British population in the Lower province, because it is regarded as the surest means of vanquishing the French Jacobin faction. Those who think thus must entertain some ulterior views respecting the representation, for the present position of the two provinces in this respect forbids any favorable hope. The present representation of the Lower province consists of 88 members, of whom 80 are the puppets of Papineau, and the remaining eight constitutionalists. Our own consists of 62, of whom 44 are constitutionalists, and 18 Papineau-men, giving to the destructionists an aggregate of 98 sweet voices against 52 conservatives. How then are the French Jacobins thus to be vanquished? Our representation will gradually increase, say the favorers of the Union. What will a gradual increase avail us for the present? If a union take place, we should be prepared to meet the French on the instant on equal terms, otherwise we might be prevented from ever so meeting them; besides, how are we sure, that a gradual increase of our representation will at any time enable us to overmatch, or even equal the French Jacobins?

We must recollect that Jacobinism has spread here, as well as in the Lower province, and that it has constantly at its bellows its excommunicated Priests! its seductive McKenzies, and a variety of unprincipled ruffians to extend the flame, in the hope of inducing a general plunder in which they may participate. In such a predicament it would be madness to embrace a faction we know to be armed with the deadly sting of national animosity; before a union could be rendered in any manner safe, it would be necessary not only to double our representation, but very materially to modify our law of Franchise. But why unite the two provinces? Surely Great Britain has five North American Provinces, and why not array our whole strength, which will ensure us victory, rather than enter with a fraction of our power upon a more than doubtful contest? This is the only union that ought to be contemplated for a single instant, and this should be effected with all possible speed. It would not only effectually crush the French Jacobin faction, but knit the British Provinces in bond of brotherhood, & finally consolidate them into one great and invulnerable Empire. We compassionate the sufferings of our fellow-subjects of the Lower province, and would most heartily uphold any feasible scheme for their relief, but none such can we discover in the project of a union of the two provinces, which, on the contrary, we behold as the surest imaginable means of adding to the ferocity and strength of the enemies who seek their destruction. If the British Government by a Governor and Council. These we say again, are the only remedies equal to

hopes of peace for the colonies on so miserable an expedient, we can only say, that pity it is, the destinies of Great Britain should be entrusted to the hands of so weak and imbecile a ministry. Let us be called on to second a laudable determination in his Majesty, to reduce the ungrateful refractory French faction, to a due reverence for his person and government, & to a proper observance of our Constitution and laws, and we are ready with our arms to support his supremacy, but let us not be delivered over bound hand & foot to his enemies and ours. We copy from that abomination of the Upper Canada press, the excommunicated Priest's Correspondent and Advocate of Wednesday, the following delectable paragraph....

'What will be the result of this coalition between one man in Downing-street, who has neither leisure nor industry to attend to your wants, and a whole people constitutionally claiming relief through the medium of their honored representatives? It cannot for a moment be supposed that the Commons will ever recede one iota from their deliberate and declared determination, in obedience to his will. Were they to entertain such a thought, they would be branded with the grossest inconsistency & cowardice, and would deservedly sink into perpetual contempt & execration. What then will be the result? In our solemn judgment the Minister must *nolens volens* yield to the repeatedly expressed wishes of the people, or the Canadas will soon cease to be an appendage of the British Empire. Deplorable and indeed intolerable would be our condition, were it to be made worse than it is at present. Excluded as we are from a full participation in all the benefits of the British Constitution, any attempt to deprive us of the little liberty we are yet suffered to enjoy, would be to arouse and unite both Provinces into an inflexible spirit of resistance.'

'What base, insidious counsel—what wilful falsehood—what iniquity, are enwrapt in these few words! 'A whole people constitutionally claiming relief through the medium of their honored representatives!!! Knows not his Ex-Reverence that full one-third of the 'whole people' have no 'honored representatives,' or, what is the same thing, so small a number, that, however firm in purpose, and cogent in reason, they are outvoted and overwhelmed by the marshalled band of rebels, whom he styles 'honored representatives,' as he was wont to style their arch-leader, 'the brilliant Papineau,' and his understapper, Mr. Speaker Bidwell, the 'highly gifted personage.' This foul apostate tells us, that if these said 'honored representatives' 'recede one iota from the deliberate and declared determination,' they would be branded with the grossest inconsistency and cowardice, and would deservedly sink into perpetual contempt and execration.' This is just the predicament into which his Ex-Reverence himself has fallen; and it is in the dismal swamp of his disgrace that he has matured his 'solemn judgment' that 'the Minister must NOLENS VOLENS yield to the repeatedly expressed wishes of the people, or the Canadas will soon cease to be an appendage of the British Empire.' What a 'judgment'—almost as sage as his judgment, that if the Minister should dare to refuse compliance with Papineau's modest request to overthrow the constitution, he would 'arouse and unite both provinces into one inflexible spirit of resistance.' This is the vain threat of a discomfited anarchist.

'Who's sold his wig to buy a pig, But he is disappointed?' This province has indeed already shown an inflexible spirit of resistance....but what has it resisted? Happily, not the King's supremacy, nor the Constitution & Laws—but a cankerous band of levelling ruffians, incited to mischief by the very execrable priest who now dares, from his pit of infamy, thus to libel this generous and loyal people.

As for his Ex-Reverence's egregious twaddle about the wishes of the Lower Canadian people expressed through their 'honored representatives,' no one knows better than his Ex-Reverence, that his assertions are deceptive and false. He knows that the people of Lower Canada have no such wishes as are expressed by the traitor Papineau and his servile 'constellation of moral excellence'; he knows that, excluded from the light of education, the 'Enfans du Sol' have no political wishes whatever, but, satisfied with their abundant physical enjoyments, they are a contented, happy, and inoffensive people, who vote for Papineau, and at his dictation, merely from pride of origin. They are entirely unaware of his designs, and of the consequences to which his repeated bold attempts at their accomplishment may lead; and when wanted to second his schemes by any overt act of rebellion, the traitor will find to his cost that they will be immovable; and he will have the mortification of hanging in no better company than that of a few rogues and vagabonds who form the scum of Quebec and Montreal, unless indeed a certain excommunicated Priest would join his 'brilliant' idol, to manifest, in his sublime presence, his 'inflexible spirit of resistance' to our Sovereign, our Constitution and our Laws.

Let the British Ministry contemplate the morbid condition of Lower Canada as they may, and we defy them to propound more than two rational modes of cure, which are, a union of ALL the British Provinces, or a SUSPENSION of the CONSTITUTION, and the administration of the Government by a Governor and Council. These we say again, are the only remedies equal to

the exigency, and either would prove infallible.

We here present to our readers a specimen of demoniacal rant worthy a fallen angel, which is the concluding paragraph of the articles from which we have quoted above.—

'Will the Reformers of Upper Canada remain passive spectators of the glorious struggle in which this patriotic people are now engaged? Or will they not rather every where combine to encourage them to fresh exertions and perseverance. Honor, duty, interest equally demand our most earnest co-operation with them, and the craven who withholds it does not deserve to enjoy liberty. True Reformers will not be awed into silence by the base assassins who muffle themselves in the threadbare cloak of loyalty to the government, & stab their country to the heart. On the contrary, they will every where form themselves into political societies, and notwithstanding that they cannot give free expression to their sentiments through the medium of Sir Francis Bond Head's 'bread & butter' Parliament, they will at least, encourage by resolutions and addresses, thro' the medium of the press, that gallant band of heroes, that have taken the field alone, and are nobly fighting the battles of every province in British North America.'

Of what would not this renegade Priest be guilty, were his opportunities and means but equal to his will!!! No trust, however sacred, but he would betray; no passion, however base, but he would gratify; no scene of blood that ever disgraced the French Revolution so horrible, but he would figure in it with alacrity as Assassin-in-Chief! Hear him designate a knot of rebellious French Jacobins 'this patriotic people!' and a gallant band of heroes, and call upon the Reformers of this Province, by a sense of 'honor, duty, interest,' every where to combine to encourage them to fresh exertions & perseverance.'—We unhesitatingly say, that any one using such treasonable declamation deserves no better treatment than to be drummed out of society, with a halter round his neck;—indeed, his former treacheries have long entitled him to such appropriate honors.

We opine that the increased audacity of his Ex-Reverence has originated in a report that New York swarms with French officers, destined to discipline, marshal, and command Papineau's army of 'Enfans du Sol'; to which gang of miscreants, in the aspirations of his guilty ambition, his Ex-Reverence is hoping to prove as *chaste* and *incomparable* a Chaplain as he was signalized when following the forlorn hope of Don Pedro's Brazilian scum. We however, undismayed by his menaces, and undiminished by his *prayers*, say with our gallant British Chief—

'LET THEM COME IF THEY DARE!!!'

ENGLAND AND HER NORTH AMERICAN PROVINCES.

When we speak of England we include Ireland and Scotland, and the whole of the British Isles, of which England is chief; and we never wish to speak of her but with reverence, with duty, and affection. She is the centre of intelligence, the mart of trade and industry, the citadel of freedom, and the wonder of the world.

Her power is unexampled; it extends over all parts of the world; with a population of twenty four millions in the three kingdoms, she connects a population of a hundred millions in Asia, Africa, America, and Australasia; her knowledge, her capital, and industry, her arts, and the liberal principles of her Government influence, without including her offspring of fifteen millions in the United States of America, the whole of them; and her trade, ships, and naval power bind them all together in one proud and glorious Empire, to which it is an honour to belong.

But in this high and palmy state of her greatness, there are occasionally alarming symptoms of decay. In the political body, as well as in the natural body, it is at the extremities that the diseases of the principal organs of life and vigour are felt.

The twenty-three years of war which followed the French revolution,—the extraordinary powers which were possessed by those who governed in England during that period, occasioned extraordinary expenditures, and gave rise to many abuses, and an enormous debt.

This weighed heavily on the people; and although after the peace taxes were diminished, they continued at the rate of about forty shillings sterling for each individual, in the three Kingdoms. As the poorer classes barely earned their subsistence, they of course paid little or nothing; but those who had risen to wealth by the war, or government expenditures, or from success in business, found the taxes a grievous burthen. It was this, and a feeling of jealousy against the higher classes, in whom the power of the state had been vested and who had used that power in many instances, with a high hand, that produced a reform in the representation of the House of Commons in 1832.

This reform did not answer the expectations of those that were in favour of it. It is generally acknowledged that the character of the House of Commons was not improved. The expenditure has not diminished, and the pressure of taxation is felt as before. Several noisy political adventurers have got into the House, and are making a *trade* of politics, without contributing in the least to forward the public business and practical improvement. The reformed House of Commons consists of a great majority of independent and honourable men, whose interests are inseparable

from those of their country; but they are divided into parties which are nearly balanced, and the one which has had the majority ever since the reform bill was passed is in a minority in the House of Lords.

Although the Government of England is a monarchy, the power and influence of the two Houses of Parliament is such, that the principal servants of the King, through whom alone he acts in the execution of the laws and in the discharge of nearly the whole duties of the Crown, are almost necessarily chosen from among the party having a majority in Parliament.

But after the second general election, under the Reform Act, there is in fact, no such majority from whom the Ministry can be chosen by the Crown. Even in the majority in the Commons, no ministry would have attempted to carry on the Government with a majority in the Commons, hardly surpassing their own number, and certainly not equal to the votes of their immediate dependents, and with a decided majority against them in the House of Lords.

A government so circumstanced, can have nothing of the vigour which has characterised the British Government; none of the power and settled policy which is essential to the Government of a great and extended Empire.

Even the Walpoles and the Norths formed a more efficient Government than the Ministers of the Crown. The days of the Cathams and the Pitts seem to have gone for ever.

The evil, however, is in the people themselves. They alone can correct it, and if they do not, and that speedily, they may bid.

'Farewell! a long farewell to all their greatness.' England, great as is the valour, the virtue, the wisdom, and the wealth of her population, must be reduced to what she was before she became the centre and soul of this great Empire!

We have said that the decline of healthy vigour on the vital functions most frequently shews itself in the extremities.

The North American Colonies are peculiarly situated. Their duty, their affection, their interest bind them to England. But they cannot do without a Government. There is virtually no Government in England which alone can legally give the impulse and effect to her Colonial and dependent Governments. If they assume their own Government, they are guilty of treason to the King. They commence the breaking up of the British Empire. The persevering loyalty of some of the Colonies may hold out for a time, and put down faction and the promoters of disorder and disaffection; but it cannot last without a vigorous and settled policy on the part of the home Government, supported, if necessary, by real power, without which, to speak of Government and particularly Colonial Government is absurdity.

We believe that at present there are complaints in all the North American Colonies in respect to their Government; many of them are well founded, and when complaints are encouraged by weakness, they will multiply without end. Every evil that is felt or imagined by individuals, as well as by bodies of men, will be ascribed to such a Government.

We shall not attempt to speak for the other Colonies, but we may venture to describe....

The present condition of Lower Canada under the Government of a King of England.

I. The local Legislature is divided against itself, one of the Houses seeking the destruction of the other for several years past.

2. The people rallying under prejudice of natural origin, industriously excited by political leaders, who by this means are sure of popular support.

3. An Executive Government kept for three years without the means of paying its officers for the execution of the laws, while the money is levied on the people in virtue of permanent acts, and kept in the Chest.

4. The Judges for the same time without their salaries, and dependant on their tradesmen and fellow townsmen, on whose causes they are to decide, while they are constantly exposed to the calumnies and charges of the representative body, without having provided the means of bringing them to trial before an impartial and independent Tribunal.

5. The Cities and towns left without any funds for police purposes, or legal means of levying any, while thefts and robberies, and murders in the streets are of frequent occurrence, and no proper place of detention for criminals.

6. The roads and bridges, made at the expense of the

venture to deny, however, much parties may differ as to the cause.

Can such a state of things last?

Is this the Government that a British King and a British Parliament intended for Canada?

Or do they intend for us something worse, the Government of men, who voluntarily and perseveringly, or ignorantly have brought the province to its present condition.

Let the British Parliament and the people of England, Ireland & Scotland answer, and save themselves and us, before it is too late.

On Saturday last, an elderly man above 60, named Andre Lapointe, formerly of Ste. Foy, who gains his livelihood by peddling small articles, was attacked on passing through Carouge Wood, above Sillery Cove, by about eight or ten persons, men and women, and cruelly beaten and robbed of his effects and part of his clothing. He was dragged into the woods, where the robbers had an encampment, his hands and feet tied, and kept from one o'clock till about four, when they left the place. He then managed to get his feet loose, and proceeded half naked to Ste. Foy, where he has relations, and gave the alarm. Yesterday, after morning service, a party set out and ranged the woods, accompanied by the old man, although he was very weak from the injury he had received. They finally arrested three persons, whom he recognized, at Carouge Hill, and found part of his effects in their possession. Some others, —among whom was Dumas, who got out of gaol at the close of the last Criminal Term,—were among those who escaped.

The old man has lost nearly his all, and the things found cannot be restored to him till after the conviction of the robbers. A subscription fund ought to be raised to indemnify persons robbed, when, by their exertions, the offenders are arrested and identified, or the effects found in their possession. This would add a powerful motive for the pursuing and apprehending the gangs of thieves who now infest the town and country.—lb.

SWEDISH LAWS WITH RESPECT TO INTOXICATION.—The laws against intoxication are enforced with great rigor in Sweden. Whoever is seen drunk is fined, for the first offence, three dollars: for the second, six; for the third and fourth, a still larger sum, and is also deprived of the right of voting at elections, and of being appointed a representative. He is, besides publicly exposed in the parish church on the following Sunday. If the same individual is found committing the same offence a fifth time, he is shut up in a house of correction, & condemned to six months hard labour; and if he is again guilty, to a twelve months' punishment of a similar description. If the offence has been committed in public, such as at a fair, an auction, &c. the fine is doubled; and if the offender has made his appearance in a church the punishment is still more severe. Whoever is convicted of having induced another to intoxicate himself, is fined three dollars which sum is doubled if the person be a minor. An ecclesiastic who falls into this offence loses his benefice; if it is a layman, who occupies any considerable post his functions are suspended, and perhaps he is dismissed. Drunkenness is never an excuse for any crime; and whoever dies when drunk is buried ignominiously, and deprived of the prayers of the church. It is forbidden to give, and more explicitly to sell, any spirituous liquors to students, workmen, servants, apprentices, and private soldiers. Whoever is observed drunk in the streets, or making a noise in a tavern, is sure to be taken to prison and detained till sober, without, however, being on that account exempt from the fines. Half of those fines goes to the informers (who are generally police officers,) the other half to the poor. If the delinquent has no money, he is kept in prison till some one pays for him, or until he has worked out his enlargement. Twice a year these ordinances are read aloud from the pulpit by the clergy; and every tavern keeper is bound, under the penalty of a heavy fine, to have a copy of them hung up in the principal rooms of his house.—*Church of England Magazine.*

A gentleman who arrived here on Wednesday night last, from Point du Lac, brought intelligence of the effects of a severe gale on Lake St. Peter, between Monday night and Tuesday morning last, in consequence of which four rafts were broken up, and twenty five lives lost. One raft of red and white pine, belonging to Messrs. Poupard and Raymond, was completely wrecked—from which raft 12 lives were lost, (two of them brothers of Mr. Raymond,) 3 only having been saved. Another raft, belonging to Messrs. Thompson and Rogers, of Perth, (U. C.) was, on Tuesday morning, found strewed on the beach, all the crew, 13 in number, have perished; the bodies of 8 of the crew of this raft were found on the beach, dreadfully mutilated; among whom was the pilot, Jeremiah Campbell, one of the oldest and most experienced pilots on the river. Another raft, of oak, owned by Messrs. Porter, Gambil & Cameron, of Perth, (U. C.) is also a complete wreck, but no lives lost. The fourth raft, of red pine, belonging to Thompson and Brother, is also wrecked, no lives lost—the greater part of this last may be saved.

A New Pestilence.—An epidemic of a very fatal and hitherto unknown character

has been raging at Hatras throughout the entire cold weather. It still continues, though its virulence is considerably abated. It attacks under the form of a slight fever, which hangs about the patient for two or three days and then terminates in death. So great has been the mortality, that there is scarcely a family in the district which has not lost one or more of its members. It raged equally among all classes, and so great a dread did it cause, that numbers of people emigrated to escape the pestilence.

—*East Indian.*

It is requested that all letters and exchange papers for the *Standard*, from the United States, be addressed to UNION, Franklin Co. Vermont.

MISSISKOU STANDARD.

FREELIGHSBURG, NOV. 2, 1836.

It is possible for the lower classes of society to be immoral and corrupt, while public and private virtue continue to animate the middle and higher classes. In the Spartan republic the Helots were kept from policy in a state of utter degradation, while the spirit of pure virtue, as it was understood in those days, was kept alive among the citizens. But whenever vice becomes predominant in the higher circles, universal history informs us that the middle & lower ranks, if they have not already become vicious, are soon involved in the corruption of their superiors. The decay of the Grecian republics, and of the Roman empire, did not commence, until public virtue among the upper ranks had begun to waver. In Lower Canada, the vice and depravity of those who are put prominently forward as the *elite* of society, are become conspicuous in the members of the House of Assembly, and even in a higher quarter. Their influence, is now after the lapse of a few years beginning to work into the people.

To the House of Assembly and to it alone, are we to ascribe the wretched social condition of the colony. Murders, robberies, burglaries and every species of crime stalk the land unchecked. There is no appropriation of funds to aid government in the detection and conviction of offenders; the cities and towns are left without police and at the mercy of every gang of scoundrels.

And yet when such men as horse jockies,

are chosen as legislators, what are we to expect from legislation.

An unhealthy spring does not send forth healing waters, nor does an Assembly vicious in its composition, pass laws for the suppression of vice. It is for the interest of anarchists, that anarchy should be the only law in the country. The midnight robber is not worse in principle than he who without the sanction of law, but having the power, robs the public treasury of money, the property of the people.

The dreadful increase of crime in the province is to be attributed to the House of Assembly and to his Excellency Lord Gosford.

The Montreal papers complain greatly of the hindrance, which the 'much-talking' of the soda-water bottle, Jacques Viger. The Assembly, be it remembered, pumped into him the very solid sum of nearly £3,800 of the money of the province for doing nothing; but the gentleman is still so 'puffed up,' that on every occasion that presents itself, he lets his tongue loose, and it goes like the wheel of a mill. There is no variety in his observations,—the same roundabout sequence of words, words, words.

Providence, in an angry fit, has made him president of the Court of quarter-sessions; but Mr. Viger, instead of following the rules of the court, takes upon himself to be a condensed House of Assembly, and sets aside the laws of the country in the appointment of foreman of the Grand Jury. The Jury was requested to retire and elect their foreman. The Jury, not resenting this illegal request, did so, and named a juror who could neither read nor write. A grand juror who can neither read nor write!! This foreman was, of course, useless, and they were desired to retire and elect another. They did so, and elected one, who could talk only Seignior-gibberish. This would not do either, unless the Jury could be allowed an interpreter. They retired again, but report saith not how they got over the previous dilemma.

Their next appearance was on presenting some true bills against offenders.

We have heard many complaints against those employed by the Rail road Company, for rudeness, incivility and overcharge. So

general are these complaints, that several farmers have declared their intention of taking their teams to Laprairie as formerly.

We regret that any irregularity should have occurred in the distribution of the *Standard*, on the Manor and neighborhood. It shall be remedied.

Mr. Amos Wood, son of Samuel Wood, Esq., M. P. P., of Farnham, at the close of a squirrel hunt, on Friday evening last fired off his rifle; it burst, shattered three of the fingers and dislocated the joint of the thumb of his left hand. Dr. Chamberlin having been sent for, it was found necessary to amputate the ring finger at the second joint. The first joint of the little finger was blown off, but hopes are entertained that the remaining part, as well as the mid finger, may be saved.

To the Editor of the *Missiskoui Standard*.

Sir,—I send you a bill of the Champlain and St. Lawrence Rail Road Company, for freight of four light articles from Montreal to St. Johns, weighing in whole cwt 2, 0. 16 lb; from which it will appear evident, that, instead of the Co's operations lessening the price of freight, they have increased it more than double. I believe there is not a merchant, in this section, who has paid at a higher rate than 2s. 6d. per cwt., for freight from Montreal to this place, including ferrage. If the Bill, sent herewith, is to be established as the regular tariff of articles, farmers and others who have property to transport, will find a great saving of expense, by taking their teams as heretofore to Laprairie. However of this, they can now judge for themselves, by weighing their articles and making an estimate according to the Company's Bill.

J. CHAMBERLIN.

Freelighsburg, 31st Oct., 1836.

Mr. Chamberlin, St. Johns, Oct. 27, 1836,
To the Champlain and St. Lawrence Railroad Company, Dr.

To Freight from Montreal,
1 Cask, 2s. 6d.
2 Jars, 1s. 6d.
One set of Tin Scales, 1s.

£0 5s. 0d.

Received Payment,
For the Champlain and St. Lawrence Railroad Company.

V. TETUZ.

LIST OF LETTERS, & Papers in the Post Office at FREELIGHSBURG.

John Ayer, Mrs. Eliza Scofield,
Parker Cross, Daniel Ingalls,
Capt. Daniel Jones, Sutton,
Elwyn Bowker, John Dingman,
Wm. Brewster Sutton, William Reynolds, Cookville,
Miss Celinda Dearborn, J. T. Prentiss, Sutton,
Bartholomew McKiff, Charles Short,
Sarah H. Smith, Jason Brewer,
Michael Castilly, Asa Tisdale,
Jacob Smith 2, Fairfield, Vt.
Thomas Blacklock 2, Nathan Darling 2,
Representatives of the late Wm. Moffatt,
John McCriddon, Eli Hawley,
PAPERS.

C. A. Seymour, H. N. Whitmatt,
John Baker, Geo. Bridgeman,
Jonas Abbott, Mr. Reynolds,
N. Stevens, D. Westover,
J. CHAMBERLIN, P. M.

Post Office, Freelighsburg, 2d Nov. 1836.

Births,
On Monday, the 24th ultime, Mrs. John B. Clark, of a Son.

Married,
On Tuesday, the 25th ultime, by the Rev. R. Whitwell, W. W. Smith, Esq., to Miss Amanda, daughter of Abel Smith, all of Phillipsburg. In the Township of Dunham, on the 8th ult. by the Rev. Charles C. Cotton, Mr. Samuel Vanantwerp to Miss Eliza Traver, daughter of Peter Traver, both of Dunham.

Bright Venus on her rolling throne,
Is drawn by gentle birds alone,
And Cupid yokes the doves.'

Notice.

I request all those who sent their certificates by me to Quebec for Lands in 1824, to meet me at S. Chandler's Hotel, on the 8th day of November next.

GEORGE SAX.

Stanbridge, Oct. 25th, 1836. V2 30—4w

Public Notice

IS hereby given that the Hayensville Mill is now in full operation, and the proprietor feels it his duty to the public as well as to himself, in consequence of some unfavorable reports circulated by some evil disposed persons, to assure them that he is able, and pledges himself to do as good work as can be done at any other Mill in the province. He would add that his Sunet Mill, the only thing that failed to operate to his satisfaction at the commencement, has been remodeled, and is now pronounced by good judges who have examined it, to equal if not surpass any other they have ever seen; but as bad news always drives past while good news waits, he would apprise his friends of what they may have forgotten, that the proof of the pudding is in the eating of it and not in the steam.

M. HAVEN.

Dunham, Oct. 25th, 1836. V2 30—4w

Notice.

THE subscriber is desirous of purchasing one hundred

Store Hogs,

and is now ready to receive them at his Distillery, at Bedford. Will also pay Cash and the highest prices for all kinds of GRAIN.

PHILIP H. MOORE.

Wanted,

A YOUNG MAN, who has knowledge of Business relative to a Country Store, to whom good encouragement will be given, by application soon to the subscriber.

P. H. MOORE.

Bedford, October 25, 1836. V2 29—4w

Strayed,

FROM the pasture of the subscriber, in Dunham, two 2 year old HEIFERS, one yellow, with a star on the forehead, the other a dark red, with some white on the legs; any information respecting the same will be thankfully received by the subscriber, & all reasonable charges paid.

ARCHIBALD M. MILTIMORE.

Dunham, October 21, 1836. V2 29—4w

Removal.

THE

DRUGS & MEDICINES

AND THE

Post Office

Are REMOVED from the Store of Mr. LEVI KEMP, to the NEW BUILDING erected on the premises of the undersigned.

All letters to be mailed are required to be delivered by 9 o'clock A. M. of Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, & Saturdays, otherwise they will remain in the Office until subsequent days of despatching the mail.

J. CHAMBERLIN,

Post Master.

Post Office, Freelighsburg, 17th October, 1836.

Notice.

BROKE into the enclosure of the subscriber, on the 17th inst., a red COW, with a star on her forehead, and off born broken. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take her away.

EZRA BAKER.

Clarendon, 18th October, 1836. V2 28—4w

Notice.

I hereby certify that I have paid a certain NOTE of

200 Dollars,

in favor of PAUL WHITNEY, bearing date April, 1819. Also one of 20 DOLLARS, payable to Amos Messor, date unknown. I hereby forbid any person or persons buying said Notes, as I have once lawfully paid them.

SAMUEL PATTERSON,

Liverpool, Medina Co., Ohio, Aug. 25th, 1836.

For Sale.

A valuable situation for a country Mechanic, on the road from Freelighsburg to Philispburg—4 miles from the latter place. There are 30 acres of good LAND, 20 of which are improved; BARN, and SHOE-MAKER'S SHOP. The buildings are new, and in excellent repair.

Terms moderate. For particulars apply to the proprietor on the premises.

GEORGE FELLERS.

St. Armand West, 4th Oct. 1836. V2 26—4w

RAIL-ROAD LINE

OF

Mail Stages

FROM STANSTEAD-PLAIN

TO

ST. JOHNS.

Messrs. CHANDLER, STEVENS, CLEMENT & TUCK.

FARE 3 1/2 DOLLARS, (17s Ed.)

LEAVES St. Johns, Wednesday and Saturday mornings, and arrives at Stanstead Plain in the evening.

Leaves Stanstead Plain, Tuesday and Friday

mornings, and arrives at St. Johns in the evening.

Passengers from Stanstead, may, if they please,

breakfast in Montreal the next morning. Thus

the advantages of this new line are obvious.

Machine Cards.

The subscriber, agent for Mr. S. P. Bent, manufacturer, Middlebury, Vermont, has received samples of the above; orders for which will be taken at low prices & executed with despatch.

JAMES COURT.

Commercial agent.

Montreal, the 17 August, 1836. V2 20—12w

NEW STORE

MISCELLANY.

THE SEPARATION.

BY MRS. JANE K. EMMERSON.

Young love, which on their bridal eve
Had promised long to stay;
Forgot his promise, took French leave,
And bore his lamp away.'

'It is in the power of woman to alienate the affections of the most adoring husband, to poison his feelings, to embitter the kindest emotions of his heart, and in short to make him hate her,' said Charles Proctor, as he rose to leave his once quiet and happy home. 'You no longer love me, Charles,' said his wife, with much asperity of tone, as a flush passed over her beautiful and expressive face. 'Not so,' said he, 'it has not yet arrived at that point, and I dread to think there is a possibility that it may.' 'Why, what have I done to bring about such a change in your feelings?' and she burst into tears. Charles was about to reply, but the sobs of his once dear and still-beautiful Kate, quite unmoved him, and he sank into the chair he was on the point of quitting, without uttering a syllable. They sat long sullenly apart without speaking, each occupied in different reflections, although tending to the same result—he wondered what demon could have implanted the ever fretting thorn of discontent in a heart which he had fondly anticipated would always swell with no other sensations than those of love and domestic peace....and she, repining that her hard fate should have linked her indissolubly to such a monster. Why was this? Charles Proctor was a noble, generous fellow, he was endowed with qualities that elevated him above his fellow man in the scale of intellect, and to a prepossessing and attracting person, were united the blandest and most engaging manners. Every body admired him, and envied his easy temper, and the equanimity with which he endured the inevitable cares and disappointments from which the most fortunate lot is not exempt.

And Kate, too, before her marriage, was a bright and buoyant being, singing like a lark from very lightness of heart, and with features, form and motion giving evidence of a disposition mild, gentle & affectionate, as that of the sweet birds she tended with so much care. For beauty, grace, & accomplishments, both natural and acquired, she had but few rivals, and she was thought to be an angel by all who knew her. Then why was this, I repeat? Let me answer, gentle and courteous reader, & be not vexed with me for telling you the secrets of my friends. Kate never loved her husband. She married him because it was the best offer she had: and as a woman's heart is an enigma, Charles was not aware of the fact until their hands were united. It is true that her friends opposed the match, but that was an incentive rather than an impediment to its conclusion. The gentleman, however, persevered, and as the lady had made up her mind to the matter, all objections were waived, and the most favorable auguries were entertained as to the prospective felicity of the wedded pair....The honey moon passed, as most honey moons do, sweet and joyous at its rise, rapturous at its decline. But happiness to be enduring, must proceed from a mutual attachment; and, as in a mercantile concern, its prosperity cannot be permanent when one partner is constantly drawing upon the resources of the other, without supplying a fair proportion of the capital, and promoting the interests of the firm; so in the matrimonial venture, the house must stop payment if divided against itself. Charles was a merchant, whence our metaphor.

They had been married three years. Had they been happy ones? No, to neither. At first they went on tolerably well. To be sure, the lady was generally in an ill-humour; little bickerings ensued, petulant remarks were bandied, and smart answers returned; a keen encounter of the wits would ever and anon arise; domestic neglects would be magnified into grievances, and occasional disputes degenerate into habitual; a quarrel succeeded them, and at length an open rupture was the position of the belligerent parties, which led to the remarks recorded at the commencement of this veritable story.

Need we go on through all the changes, vexations, annoyances, recriminations, and squabbles that ensued? how mutual disaffection took possession of their minds; how they separated; and how the meddling world blamed, first one and then the other, and how they turned almost broken hearted away from what they valued so highly?

THE REUNION.

O, Woman, in our hour of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
But, when affliction wrings the brow,
A ministering angel thou.

It is autumn: the foliage had put on its variegated mantle, like the patriarch's coat of many colors; and hill, grove, and plain flashed back upon the declining beams of the sun the thousand reflections his splendours had lent them. It was that gentle season of quiet melancholy, that tender and saddened time of the year when the heart is in unison with the gorgeous mourning of nature; when the sensibilities are the most vivid in their emotion, and the wailing breeze sweeps a chord in every soft and suffering bosom.

Proctor was in his library and alone; a book was in his hand, but its contents could not banish the busy thoughts that possessed

a counterspell to the poet's imaginations. His retrospective glance travelled back through the pensive vista of twelve solitary years, since the gordian knot of his nuptial cord had been severed by the relentless hand of destiny, whose shears had been sharpened by human passions, & the wretched cavillings of fallible and yet unforgiving creatures. His mind was dwelling upon the days of his youth; he recalled the hour, the scene, when he first saw Kate; and all the fresh feelings of that hour and the associations of that spot, were renewed within him. He dwelt upon all the fond endearments that then agitated his bosom, and he knew not wherefore, a flush came upon his cheek, a pang shot through his heart, his lip trembled, and why he knew not but he could have wept like a child! It is true, he was no longer young; but the world had gone prosperously with him, and wealth had crowned his exertions; he had out-lived all the slanders and ill-will of those who had misjudged his feelings, and knew nothing of his motives....and all his early impressions had been meliorated by the soothing hand of time. Solitude was uncongenial to his nature, and although it gave quiet to his mind, yet it did not bring happiness to his heart.

A knock disturbed his reverie, and announced a visitor. He was glad to be interrupted, and the door was immediately opened, when his daughter, now a blooming, light-hearted, joyous and lovely girl, between that uncertain, but interesting age of girl and womanhood, bounded into his arms like a fawn, and she covered him with her kisses, the words 'dear father' broke from her rosy lips.

She had just returned from school for the season, and had come to spend a few weeks with her father, whom she loved with all the fondness of her innocent heart.

In Kate's character there was one conspicuous feature: she had educated her child to love and respect her father, and notwithstanding the obloquy that was heaped upon him by her relations, she never gave vent to one single remark that implied a censure of his conduct, nor allowed any one to do it in her presence....least of all in her daughter's hearing. Her husband had been very liberal to her; she had never known a want since her separation from him, and her days of reflection, which had glided on in tranquillity, had the effect of showing her the folly of her former rash undertaking, while her present lonely condition daily demonstrated its discomfort.

What all who knew him had in vain endeavored to effect, their mutual reconciliation, which they both proudly and steadily declined, accident brought about. Proctor was suddenly seized with a malignant fever and when the hirelings of the establishment shrank from the performance of their duty, the daughter perceiving her parent's imminent peril made her mother acquainted with the fact.

Strange and inscrutable feeling of the female bosom, which opposition prompts and which difficulties excite, to the noblest and most devoted efforts! This woman, who in the very wantonness of prosperity, when the swelling waves of happiness had invited her to launch her bark upon their tide, had madly dashed it upon the rocks and quicksands of adversity, now that the withering blast was raging and the sirocco breathing poison around, discovered in the recesses of her heart, a fibre which now vibrated to love and all the fond endearments of our nature, and came like a ministering angel, bringing balm and comfort to the disturbed and restless couch. Her long and assiduous vigils were at length compensated by the restoration to perception and consciousness of the chastened and afflicted father of her child, the being to whom she ever afterwards clung with a devotion no foal could alienate, no misconception impair, no time could change.

They had discovered that, as in all similar cases, both had been in error, and had learned that most important of all secrets, that mutual forbearance is the talisman of human content, and that a desire to promote the happiness of another is the surest way to promote our own....N. Y. Mirror.

HISTORY OF THREE DAYS EXISTENCE.—Accept my greetings, oh ye venerable dead, among whom I now seek for repose after a vexious life of three days! You imagine that a being of so tender an age must be without knowledge or reflection, but you are mistaken. I shall unfold you the impressions which the events of my life have stamped upon so delicate a substance as an infant's brain. It is a short but mournful history, and if it were set forth in the luxuriant and lofty style of modern romances, I doubt not would gain a high celebrity.

It was not my fortune to be born of a rich mother, though she was in truth somewhat of a coquette and flirt withal. To this circumstance I owe the happiness of dying as soon as I did.

The first sound that greeted my ears on my entrance into the world was a frightful hubbub of voices. I opened my eyes and found myself in the arms of a sour looking old granny. I shuddered and burst into a fit of crying.

A good sooth I did not set this down as a favorable omen. A great fat fellow next took me up, and mounting his spectacles, gave me pretty sharp reconnoitering with a view to discover whether I bore any resemblance to himself. This worthy was undoubtedly my papa. Presently he threw me down, and a troop of persons burst into the room, exclaiming 'an heir! an heir!' Directly afterwards, I found myself in the hands of a young woman who fell to kiss-

ing and hugging me at such a rate, that the breath was nearly squeezed out of my body.

To add to my comfort the old granny snatched me up again, and packed me into my habiliments as snugly as one would roll up a bale of linen. I could not move a limb, tied and swathed as I was far within all locomotive compass. What pain did I suffer! And though I squirmed most lustily, nobody cared for it. Each one attributed my discontent to some cause or other, but the right cause never entered one of their heads.

It would not do, as they thought, to give my mother trouble, and spoil her health by forcing her to bring me up; so I was turned over to a nurse. The good woman, to relieve her own labor and set me to sleep, stowed me away in a sort of box, & gave me so terrible a shaking from side to side, that my little brains were turned, and fairly jolted over and over. The more I cried, the more was I shaken; so at last I dropped into a swoon. A couple of doctors were sent for, and after a long and learned dispute, came to a decision to administer a specially bitter draught for my disorder. The medicine proved so efficacious, that in a few hours I was set free from tight clothes, cradles, doctor's stuff, and all other miseries that flesh is heir to.

In this manner did I escape the martyrdom of nursing, the domination of servants, till five years old; of pedants till twenty; of women till thirty; and of a wife till sixty; to say nothing of the plagues of ambition, the envy of friends, the malice of enemies, and countless other matters not to be avoided by those who have the misfortune not to die at the age of three days or thereabouts.

Anecdote of Admiral Cornwallis.—I remember a curious anecdote of this very remarkable and gallant officer, Admiral Cornwallis. He was a man of very few words, but they were very weighty and forcible when they fell. When he commanded either the Canada or the Lion, in the West Indies, I forget which, the seamen were dissatisfied with him for some cause or other, and, when the ship was going before the wind, they threw a letter over the stern, which they contrived should be blown into the stern gallery....In this document they expressed a determination not to fight should they come in the presence of the enemy. Cornwallis read the letter, went on deck, turned the hands up, and thus addressed them: 'So, my lads, I find you don't intend to fight if we meet the French; well, never mind, I'll take care you shall be well shot at, for I will lay you near enough.' They gave him three hearty cheers, and in the subsequent battle no ship could have behaved better.—[History of Great Britain.]

TERMS.

Ten shillings currency per year, payable at the end of six months. If paid in advance £s. 3d. will be deducted. If delayed to the close of the year £s. 3d. will be added for every six months in payment.

To mail subscribers the postage will be charged in addition.

No paper discontinued, except at the discretion of the publishers, until arrears are paid.

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Six lines and under, two shillings for the first insertion, and 6d. for every subsequent insertion.

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Persons, wishing to become Subscribers to the Mississauga Standard, will please leave their names with any of the above Agents, to whom also, or at the Office in Frelighsburg, all payments must be made.

The subscriber has just received at his store in HIGHGATE, an extensive stock of

Teas, Coffees, Spices, Tobacco, Domestic Cottons, &c. &c.

which he offers to his friends by wholesale, low for cash or credit.

W. W. SMITH.

August 9, 1836.

CASH paid for

BUTTER.

W. W. SMITH.

SMITH'S

Cheap Store.

New & Splendid Goods.

THE subscriber begs leave to announce to his friends and the public, that he has just received one of the most extensive, splendid and general assortments of

Goods

ever offered for sale in this section of the country. All of which are of the very first quality and latest Fashions. Without particularizing, he solicits most respectfully, a fair examination of his Goods and prices, before purchases are made elsewhere.

Every kind of Farmers' Produce received in payment, for which the highest price will be paid.

W. W. SMITH.

Mississauga Bay, June 28, 1836. V2 12tf.

NEW GOODS,

And Cheap!!

THE subscriber has just received a general assortment of

GOODS,

consisting of
Dry Goods,
Groceries, Crockery & Hard Ware;

Including almost every article usually called for in a country store, which will be sold very low for cash and most kinds of country produce.

Please call and examine!

N. ADAMS.

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Cash for Wool!

NOTICE

IS hereby given that two shillings currency per pound will be paid at the Factory of the British American Land Company at Sherbrooke, for clear native Wool, average quality, the produce of the Eastern Townships.

Sherbrooke, May 10, 1786. V2 7

FRANKLIN STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY

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They hold themselves ready to execute any work which a kind public may feel disposed to favor them with. They hazard nothing in saying that they can do work cheaper, and in as good style as can be done at any Foundry in the United States.

Leads furnished at the Franklin Foundry, on the most reasonable terms.

A great variety of

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BLANKS of all kinds Stereotyped at short notice. Old Type taken in pay for work, at 9 cents per pound.

College Street, Burlington Vt.

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